The fairest creature on this side of Heaven "How pleasant the evening breezes that stir The rustling leaves, as the woods grow dim!

Such nimless words spake his lips to her.

But his heart was muttering low to him "Oh, that the summer of life were spring! Oh, to have found her long summers ago! Is it yet too late? Would this sweet young Give the hope of her youth to-! No. ah.

"Yos, pleasant it is, when the woods grow To hear the sound of the leaves that stir!" Such trivial words said her lips to him:

But her heart was whispering low to her: "Is there ever a man like the man that I see-A man like the Bayard of ages ago? He thinks me childish and foolish: ah, me! Could be really care for--? No. ah, no!

Quoth his lips: "Good night, you now are

Prayed his heart: "God love her, whose ever Said her lips: "Good night, you were kind Bighed her heart: "No, he never, could never

## FROM COO ROCK.

BY MAY D. HATCH,

It was variously designated the "Turtleback," the "Turtledove," and sometimes merely the "Dove." The old salts of the island knew it only as the Turtleback rock, named for its decided resemblance to the shining brown shell of a monster tortoise protruding from the water; but o account of its charming security for a tete-a-tete and for the appreciation it met with from those who were strong enough swimmers to enjoy its advantages the name which had been given to it for its crustacean likeness was usually perverted into the simple, melodious appellation: "Coo Indeed, so general had this term become that even the venerable guests of the Shawkemo house, discussing the tide which covered it pretty well at the full, would call it so in all seriousness, possibly confusing it, mentally spelled with a K, with the various Indian names with which the island abounded, or believing it had refer ence, spelled with a C, to the gentle lapping of the waves about it.

It was Monday morning. Most of the men who had come to spend Sunday on the island had returned to town, three hours distant by rail; and, although the day was exquisitely clear and beautiful and the bay rejoiced in a thousand shifting blues in the sunshine, the bathers were few-a half dozen boys at the school age turning back-somersaults off the float, some children paddling around in the wet sand with their clothes tucked up behind out of the wet like cock feathers, and a staid matron or two near shore, mildly bobbing up and down incased in flannel and bathers' hats.

As Marie Trask walked down the float for her morning plunge she nodded to the boys, looked out over the water, and sat down a moment on the edge to try its temperature. She felt a little lonely, a little depressed; she swung her feet-irreproachable in size, in shape, and in black silk stockazily in the water, and meditated.

She was a comely object for the water to reflect; a trim, svelte, girlish figure in a well-fitting black bathing suit, her blonde skin browned by the outdoor life she was leading, her eyes clear gray, a small nose which had a tendency to be Roman, a sweet, happy mouth that was quick to smile and show the white teeth that had not yet lost their baby unevenness at the edges, and, crowning all, her sunny blonde hair; not so much of it, but it crinkled and rippled over her head in such a fashion that no one came near her but wanted to lay a hand on it and smooth it down a bit, just to feel how soft and silky it was.

She looked over toward the rock; it was quite a distance out in the little harbor, and the tide ran rapidly there at the turn. It was about full now, but it would be slack water for some time yet, and she thought she would try it. She had been out there often, but never alone. She was a strong swimmer for a girl, and destitute of fear; but always before to-day there had been someone to go with her.

She slipped off the float; the water was perfectly clear and just cooler than the air. With strong, quiet strokes she started for the rock as a goal; half-way out she grew a little tired, floated a few minutes to rest. and then swam on. It seemed much further than usual; but always before she had been diverted on the way with manly converse, or given a friendly hand if she were tired. At last she reached it, pulled herself eagerly up to the highest bulging point of the rock. and gave a sigh of satisfaction. She turned her back to the shore and looked out at the hill-clasped barbor.

What a perfect day it was! She was irritated with herself for being blue, but how could she help it when other people made idiots of themselves?

What a stupid thing for her not to have looked through the book, anyway, before she had sent it to him; but at least she had discovered in time what a jealows, doubting friend she had almost consented to marry. She remembered every word of the letter she had found waiting for her that morning. It ran:

"DEAR MARIE: When you loaned me Dob-son's poems last hight, I do not think you knew you had left the inclosed verses in the book. Perhaps I should not have read them [Certainly he should not, Marie thought], but I have done so They say that a woman's fastinet is quick to rush at the truth; a man has that instinct when he loves. By the signature, 'Jack,' I knew at once they were from Jack Edgerton, and that he must have written them to you when you left the Edgerton camp three weeks ugo. Only three weeks: It un-nerved me to think he had the right to say such things to you such a little while ago, and -yes, and you have let me believe you loved

"I am going to leave on the 8:10 this morning. I cannot bear to stop to say good-by.

And the verses-"Dear Eyes," they were called:

"So many eyes meet mine each day— Earnest and tender, and eyes that smile Or dark without hope, and all the while I think of you who have gone away.

"I long so to look in your eyes, dear, Your eyes that speak to my soul until The cry of earth's loneliness grows still As I draw you so near, -so near.

She had never known Jack could make a rhyme till these verses had come to her. Dear, honest Jack! how sorry he would be if he knew all the trouble he had brought about. No, she could scarcely hold him responsible for her present discomfort-it was all her own carelessness; and the next time she indulged in the exchange of literature she would shake the volume to its foundations to exorcise all lurking imps that might do her ill. One is so apt to tuck things away in a book and then forget all about them. Yet, after all, he might have given her a chance to explain.

by the soft rush of waters parted by the even stroke of strong arms. Marie turned her head shoreward; a man was rapidly swimming toward her. The head looked very familiar, but he had written her he was going on the eight ten. A few more strokes and there was no doubt of his identity; she turned her gaze again out to sea. He claimbered up on the rock beside her. He was a superb creature, with limbs bronze and shining as one of Gerome's Arabs. He looked like some radiant river god with a dash of water on his chestnut hair, his eyes as blue as the morning sea, and with that beauty in his face that comes from conscious strength and kindliness and the glory of youth and vigorous, overflowing life.

"Good-morning, Marie." She had not yet looked at him, but she met his gaze now with a half smile. "I thought you were going on the eight ten."

"I started," he answered, "crossed the ferry, went to the station, and came back. Why did you come out here alone? You should have known better, the tide is running out now, and the swim back will be a hard pull all the way."

"I am quite capable of taking care of myself," she answered, somewhat stiffly, "and if you are afraid of the tide you would better go in at once."

He was astonished to find her adopting an injured tone; if anyone had a right to be hurt, he surely was the one to enjoy the privilege of that position. He looked at her despairingly; the little curls, dried by the sun and wind, beckoned maddingly. He forgot his grievance for a moment

"When Venus came ashore on the waves," he said, keeping his eyes on the curls, "Zephyrus blew her there, and before he left her he hovered about and kissed her until her hair, which the sea had wet, was dry and shining like silk; but it always kept the crinkle the motion of the waves had given it. and all true daughters of Venus have inherited that ripple of the waves ever since. That is the story I always think of," he finished, seeking now her clear gray eyes, "when I see your hair in the sun, Marie.

She laughed gayly. "It seems to me ome one else is dipping into poetry besides poor Jack."

His brow darkened. "Don't make a joke of it," he said; "the blood has been boiling in my veins ever since I read it. I don't blame Jack for loving you, nor for writing it to you. I ought not to have read it; but the thought of his having his arm about you, as it clearly implies, and that you have cared for him, perhaps care for him still, has driven me almost beside myself. If you have any pity for me tell me the truth, or let me go.'

"You may go," she spoke coldly; "I will not keep you."

"See: we are here," he said, "under the free sky, with the pure clear water. all about us, close to honest nature, and life would be so good to me if-is there always to be an if?-if only I knew the truth and that it is not what I thought-that you do not care for him.

"I am very fond indeed of Jack; and as for the verses, I think they are charming, and that any girl should be happy to inspire a man like that." Darrell groaned. "You are more frivolous than I believed, and you have

not been true to either of us." "I think I will swim in," she said. She slipped off the rock and struck out for the shore. He followed her silently, keeping his eyes upon her, for the

tide was making hard out to sea. "Don't try and buck against the tide," he called; "let it carry you down. Just swim for the shore; you waste your strength that way." was swimming close beside her now.

"If I needed it," she asked, "would you be strong enough to tow me in?" He laughed grimly. "Tr; me," he

answered. He took both her hands in his, swimming easily on his back; to this healthy young giant her added weight was nothing. They went rushing through | country is being supported by garden the water at what seemed a terrific rate of speed to the girl whose endurance had already been taxed by the swimming, and the sense of security and strength it gave her was a deli-

cious relief. At last they reached the float; the little boys were tearing up and down the sand doing jumping "stents." She and the direct returns that such an let go of his hands and he lifted her easily to the float. She was quite pale; of Illinois, it is found there has been perhaps there had been some nervous strain in her unusual exhaustion.

he stood beside her, taking long, deep

breaths after his exertion. She put out a small, wet hand to him which he gladly took in his own damp grasp. "I should never have gotten in alone," she said, catching her breath a little, "so I cannot be horrid to you any more. That book belonged to my Cousin Mollie, but she does not want to announce her engagement to Jack till the fall."-Demorest's Maga-

zine. -The increase of wealth in this country proportioned to population was greatest between 1850 and 1860.

## AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

GOOD ROADS CRUSADE. Pacts and Figures Collected by the

League of American Wheelmen. The racing man and his many troubles have been attracting so much forget the League of American Wheelracing and the matters pertaining thereto are but a side issue and have discovered the roads of this country were vastly inferior to those of other countries. In view of the fact that bicycle riding was poor sport on any but the best of roads the league took the question. Starting with a purely selfish motive the subject has grown She was aroused from her reverie till now the league is pledged to all of its vast membership to continue the agitation till success shall crown the efforts to secure favorable legislative action on the question. In order that the movement might

prove a success the farmer had to be interested, as he it was the principal burden of the improvement would fall upon. At the outset the wheelmen were unfortunate enough to incur the dislike and antagonism of the rural element through the fact that the courts had to be resorted to in order to decide that the wheel was a vehicle and entitled to a share of the road. The farmer contended that the bicycles scared their horses, and as a result times the work; not because they are they were greatly opposed to allowing the rights of the road to the advocates of the new method of transportation. The matter was fully settled in the had impelled him to drive over. This state of affairs naturally led the farmer to believe the wheelman his natural enemy, with the result the good roads agitation met with scant courtesy.

That good roads are for the benefit of the farmers as much or even more than any other class, was a fact that had then to be demonstrated to the satisfaction of the tiller of the soil. Progress in this line has been slow, but at last matters appear to be progressing nicely, and the chances are the near future will see a great movement in favor of road improvement. The poor condition of American roads arises from a number of causes. The country is newer and less densely populated than the farming districts of Europe. As a result, each of the rural residents is responsible for a greater amount of roadway than is his foreign consin. Another and potent factor in the present state of affairs lies not in the total neglect of the highways, but because a great deal of labor that is now put on the roads is not applied in a manner calculated to produce the best results. Every community has laws requiring a certain amount of labor to be expended on the roads each year. This labor seems to consist in scraping the mud from the sides of the road and piling it as high as possible in the center, thus forcing the teams to drive in the ditch to either side till the road is g. adually beaten down to the center again. Were the same amount of labor expended each year in building gravel roads the result would be miles and miles of valuable

turnpike in the course of a few years. There is no manner in which money can be applied for improvement on farming property that will pay larger



ROAD IN NORMANDY.

returns than the money devoted to the roads. The League of American Wheelmen has been gathering statistics on the question for a number of years. One case that points a moral as well as can be desired is that of the village of Moorstown, N. J. For a number of years real estate there was not marketable at any price. The country was in a wretched condition. Finally the town supervisors got together and voted bonds to the extent of forty thousand dollars for road building, with the result that real estate is now enjoying a steady demand and the truck that can only be transported to market by teams.

Realizing that the matter of road im-

provement could best be brought to the attention of the farmer by an argument of dollars and cents, the league has compiled a great deal of literature on the direct cost of building roads outlay will produce. Taking the state built during the past ten years 985 miles of improved roadway. This im-"Don't you icel well?" he asked, as provement has been confined to thirty counties. In forty-five other counties

> years ago. that in the mud district is valued at ing 1,710 miles of the best macadam \$12.97 an acre. The total assessment on roads each year.-N. Y. Sun.

> behalf of roads has been \$3.55 for each \$100 valuation in the improved counties, while those districts that have spent their money in piling the mud up in the center of the roads a couple of times a year have saved 43 cents on each \$100, an amount that has in all likelihood been spent many times over attention of late there is a tendency to in horses and repairs to wagons and harness made necessary by the awful men has anything more serious to condition of the roads during several occupy its time. The fact remains that months of the year. The average cost of constructing gravel roads is variously estimated at from \$1,000 to \$1,500 per little or nothing to do with the actual mile, according to the locality. Dirt business of the league. The league, roads require two-thirds of that sum which was formed in 1880, had been in to keep in repair for ten years, while existence but a short time when it was the former method, it is figured, adds \$10 an acre to the value of the prop-

> ertv. The increase in the value of the property is not the only return that a farmer gets from his investment in up the matter of arousing interest in good roads. Gen. Stone, of the federal department of agriculture, has found three independent estimates which place the yearly loss to farmers in the United States from bad roads at about \$600,000,000, equivalent to \$1 an acre annually. Capitalized at 5 per cent. this amount if saved would increase the value of farm land \$20 an acre, or a total increase of \$12,000,000,000. As the total value of all farms is about \$26,-000,000,000 this would be an increase of 50 per cent. in their value. As the total annual value of farm products is only \$2,600,000,000, one-fourth of its value is lost through bad roads,

> Comparisons have also been made with foreign countries. The English horse does twice the work of the American horse, the French horse three better horses, but because they travel better roads. Mr. Wollen estimates the annual cost of maintaining a horse at \$100. If only one-fourth of the courts, and in a number of instances horses in Illinois could be spared, inthe misguided farmer was compelled stead of one-half or two-thirds as in to pay for the machine that his wrath | England or France, the annual saving in horse maintenance for this state



A HILL ON THE ROAD BETWEEN ST. LOUIS

alone would be \$30,000,000. Prof. Ely holds that poor roads cost the farmer

\$15 per horse. The truth of the facts as they are set forth by the league is rapidly being realized by the farmers with the result that each year adds to the list of converts, till now the time seems nearly at hand when the entire country will enter into an era of scientific road building .- Chicago Tribune.

SKILL IN THE DAIRY.

One May Succeed Under Any and All Circumstances.

In producing a pound of butter, says Prof. Robertson, there are 66 times more room for skill than in the production of 1 pound of potatoes. Dairying offers a man the best chance for putting his skill into money. The object of the butter-maker is to get the fat out of the milk with as little of the other constituents in the milk as possible. In every 100 pounds of butter there should be about 13 pounds of water, 82 pounds of butter fat, 3 pounds of salt and 2 pounds of the po other constituents in the milk. A cow is not a machine, but a living organism, and therefore will not give a different product because she takes different food. The food does not affect the blood of a cow, from which milk is largely formed. Food will affect the quality of the milk sometimes by changing the composition of the fat itself. If the quantity of fat is not affected the volatile fats from the food will become part of the fat in the milk, and give its peculiar flavor to the milk. These volatile flavors can be expelled by heating milk or cream to 150 degrees. The case with which cream may be separated from the milk sometimes depends upon the kind of food a cow takes. Cows for making butter should be handled under such conditions as will give them perfect repose. Cleanliness should be strictly observed. Impure air of the stable will affect the milk, and ensilage will not injure the milk when fed to cows. When cows have been milking a long period or have been overheated, or without salt, the milk will become sticky and prevent a complete separation of the cream. By having a few fresh-calved cows' milk to mix with the milk of cows that have been milking a long time, a better quality of butter can be made. Keep the cream sweet and cold, and use a suitable fermentation starter, and you will get a quality of butter in January as good as the quality of June butter. If cream is properly tempered, a temperature of from 54 to 58 will be suitable for churning and 45 minutes will be long enough to get butter.-Prairie Farmer.

Money Value of Good Roads. As an illustration of the importance the roads are what are termed mud of good roads it is state that in Union roads. Basing calculations on the last county, N. J., the farming lands have ten years it is found the thirty improved increased in value an average of \$200 counties have been assessed for the per acre owing to the improved system building and care of the highways a of road construction. An engineer retotal of \$9,934,346. In the mud districts cently calculated that the annual cost there has been spent \$9,696,848, or near- of bad roads in Virginia was no less ly two-thirds as much, and they are in than \$4,275,463,991. This he charges to no better condition than they were ten interest on the depreciation of land, additional cost of hauling, deprecia-A comparison of values shows that tion of vehicles and depreciation of the land in the improved counties has horses. This amount of money, he an average value of \$21.28 an acre, while adds, would cover the expense of buildHighest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U.S. Gov't Report

## Baking

-A theatrical manager had considerable trouble with his star actor, who was constantly meeting with accidents or falling sick. One day, as the story goes, the star was hurt in a boiler explosion. When the manager heard of it he remarked to his agent: "I am sick of this sort of thing. Advertise him, as usual, and add that we intend bringing out a new piece, in which the great star, Mr. D--, will appear in several parts."-Truth.

Small Fry Swindlers. Some of the meanest of these are they who seek to trade upon and make capital out of the reputation of the greatest of American tonics, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, by imitating its outward guise. Reputable drug-gists, however, will never foist upon you as genuine spurious imitations of or substitute for this sovereign remedy formalaria, rhen-matism, dyspepsia, constipation, liver com-plaint and nervousness. Demand, and if the dealer be honest, you will get the genuine article.

We know a nice, compact little bull-ter-rier that will insert a whole set of teeth for nothing, and be glad of the job. Each tooth warranted sound and good. We make this announcement in the interest of our read-ers, without fee or reason. ers, without fee or reward.

Don't Drag Your Feet. Many men do because the nerve centers, weakened by the long-continued use of to-baco, become so affected that they are weak, bacco, become so affected that they are weak, tired, lifeless, listless, etc. All this can be easily overcome if the tobacco user wants to quit and gain manhood, nerve power, and enjoy vigorously the good things of life. Take No-To-Bac. Guaranteed to cure or money refunded by Druggists everywhere. Book free. The Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

"I often endeavor to encourage young writers," said the editor, "by accepting stuff that is utterly unavailable." "But isn't that rother expensive " "Oh no. We pay on publication."—Harper's Bazar.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is taken internally Price 75c.

What title will Baron de Worms take! Viscount Chrysalis! to end by becoming Le Duc de Papillon!—Punch.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of jungs by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—

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New York, Sept	ember	16.	1895
ATTLE-NativeSteers			5 35
OTTON-Middling			8%
LOUR-Winter Wheat	275	69	
WHEAT-No. 2 Red.	- 17	94	6214
YORN_Na a	1971	440	37.1/
JATS-No. 2.	.94	165	24
PORK-New Mess.	10 25		19 75
50 6 1015	200,000	767	
PORTERIOR SELECTION		040	1994
COTTON-Midding	5.00	100	5.10
BEEVES-Fancy Steers		- 60	4 75
Medium	2 77	98	4 47
IOGS-Fair to Select	4 10	版	3 3
SHEEP-Fair to Choice	2 03	94	3 15
Fancy to Extra do.	265	62	2 90
WHEAT-No. 2Red Winter		65	503.
CORN-No. 2 Mixed	2555	8	3/2
DATS-No.2		8	19
RYE-No. 2	921	18	38%
TOHACCO-Lugs	3 00	100	8 00
Leaf Buriey	4 50	30	12 00
HAY-Clear Timothy	9 50	ě	13 50
BUTTER-ChoiceDairy	13	es.	15
EGGS-Frest		60	111%
PORK-Standard Mess	8.87		9 00
BACON-Clear Rib			6%
ARD-Prime Steam			5%
CHICAGU	5.9		
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CATTLE—Shipping HOGS—Fair to Choice	3 50	9	
HOGS-Fair to Choice	4 00	0	4 (5
HEEP-Pairto Choice	2 75	0	3 00
FLOUR-Winter Patents	3 (1)		3 50
Spring Patents	3 25	9	3 75
WHEAT-No. 1 Spring		0	
No 2 Red	573		58
CORN-No. 2	1122		3.54
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Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from

every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is mannfactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Ir my cook could ride a cycla She would make a record neat, For, to judge her by her dinners, She's a scorcher hard to beat. —Truth.

Grant—"Can it be possible that Haw-kins is in love with that fat girl! Why, she weighs 300 at least." Hobbs—"No, I don't believe he's in love; he's just infatuated."— Roston Causier.

Cheap Excursions to the West. Bountiful harvests are reported from all sections of the west and northwest, and an

sections of the west and northwest, and an exceptionally favorable opportunity for home seekers and those desiring a change of location is offered by the series of low-rate excursions which have been arranged by the North-Western Line. Tickets for these excursions, with favorable time limits, will be sold on Angust 29, September 10 and 24 to points in Northern Wisconsin, Michigan, Northwestern Iowa, Western Minnesota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah anda large number of other points. For full information apply to agents of connecting lines, or address W. B. KNISKERN, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Chicago & North-Western R'y, Chicago, ill.

Mistress-"Have you a stranger down there, Bridget?" Bridget-"N' mum; it's Con Callahan; sure, Oi knew him in th' ould countary!"-Puck.

A Golden Harvest

Is now assured to the farmers of the West is now assured to the larmers of the West and Northwest, and in order that the people of the more Eastern States may see and realize the magnificent crop conditions which prevail along its lines, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry has arranged a series of three (3) Harvest Excursions for August 29, September 10 and 24, for which round trip excursion tickets (good for required). round trip excursion tickets (good for roturn on any Friday from September 13 to October 11 inclusive) will be sold to various points in the West, Northwest and Southwest at the low rate of about One Fare.

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and worry of rearing a family, can often be traced by the lines in the woman's face. Dull eyes, the sallow or wrinkled face and those "feelings of weakness" have their rise in the derangements and irregularities peculiar to women. The functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses of women, can be cured with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For the young girl just entering womanhood, for roung girl just entering womanhood, for the mother and those about to become mothers, and later in "the change of life," the "Prescription" is just what they need; it aids nature in preparing the system for these events. It's a medicine prescribed for thirty years, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Bufialo, N. Y.

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